



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



MICKEY FINN

FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY COMIC BOOKS
SM 11

NOVEMBER
No. 104

The
DOLL MAN
battles
The BOTANIST,
creator of the
**TOUCH OF
DEATH!**



BLIMPY



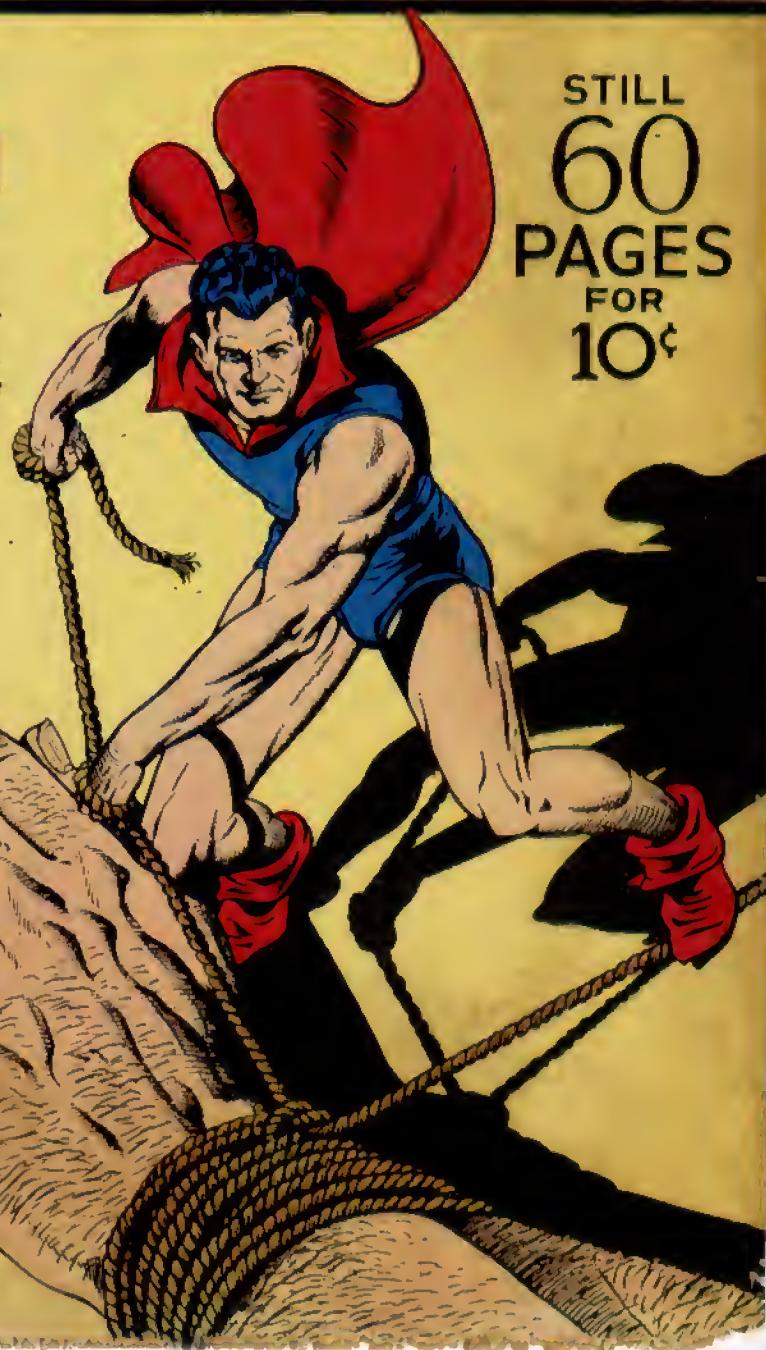
LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
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THE DOLL MAN



FEATURE COMICS

All is not roses in this florist's shop...

I WISH YOU'D GET RID OF THAT PLANT, CRANE! IT MAKES ME NERVOUS! THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT IT!



SHUT UP, DIX!

I'VE NURTURED THIS RARE AND LOVELY SPECIMEN TOO LONG TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR NERVES!

BESIDES, ITS EVIL QUALITY IS THE VERY THING THAT ENDARS IT TO ME! MAYBE HAVING YOU AS A BUSINESS PARTNER ALL THESE YEARS HAS MADE ME FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT THE PLANT!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, CRANE! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU KNOW VERY WELL WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, YOU MILKSOP! YOU AND YOUR GOODNESS! BAH! IT'S WHAT'S KEPT US FROM MONOPOLIZING THE FRESH FLOWER INDUSTRY IN THIS CITY!



BUT YOU KNOW IT WOULD HAVE MEANT RUINING OUR COMPETITORS! I COULDN'T DO THAT!

OF COURSE, YOU COULDN'T--- EVEN THOUGH YOUR FATHER LEFT YOU THE GREENHOUSES THAT KEEP THEM SUPPLIED AND MORTGAGES ON THEIR ESTABLISHMENTS!

BUT YOU... YOU WERE TOO TENDERHEARTED TO SQUEEZE THEM OUT!

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN HEARTLESS, CRANE! I'VE NO RIGHT TO PREVENT THEM FROM EARNING A LIVELIHOOD!



HEARTLESS! YES, YES-- I'VE HEARD ALL THAT BEFORE! MAYBE THAT'S WHY I LOVE THIS PLANT! IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL... YET I HAVE THE FEELING THAT IT'S HEARTLESS!

STOP TALKING THAT WAY, CRANE! NOW I KNOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO HAVE THAT PLANT AROUND! WE MUST GET RID OF IT!



At that moment...

GUESS I'LL GET MARTHA SOME FLOWERS! IT MAY HELP SQUARE ME FOR DUCKING OUT ON HER PARTY LAST NIGHT TO GO ON A MISSION AS THE DOLL MAN!



FEATURE COMICS

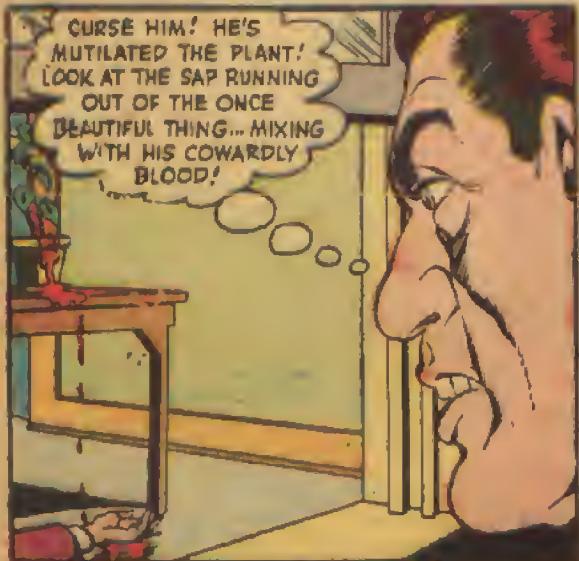
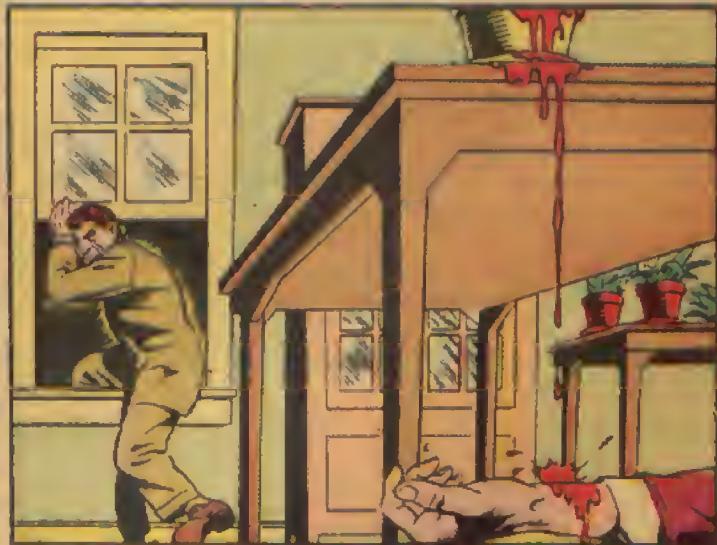


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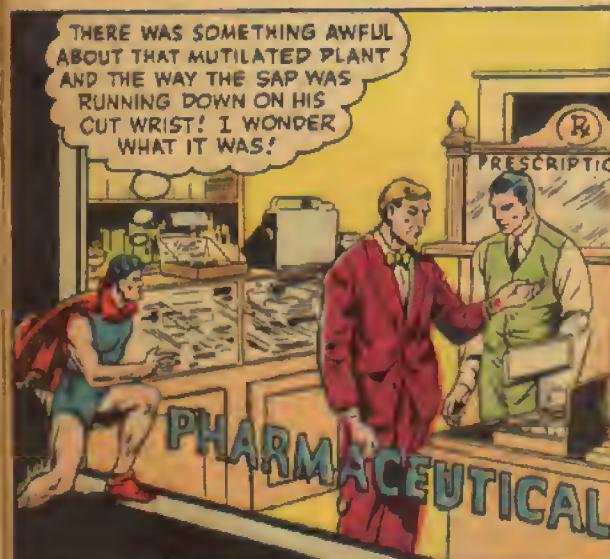
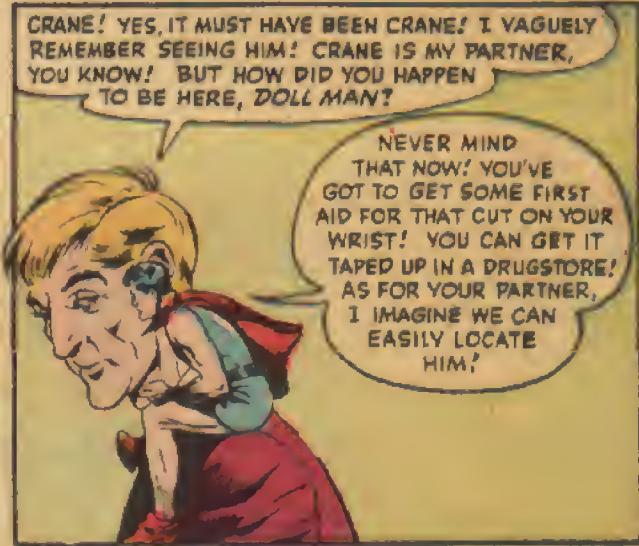


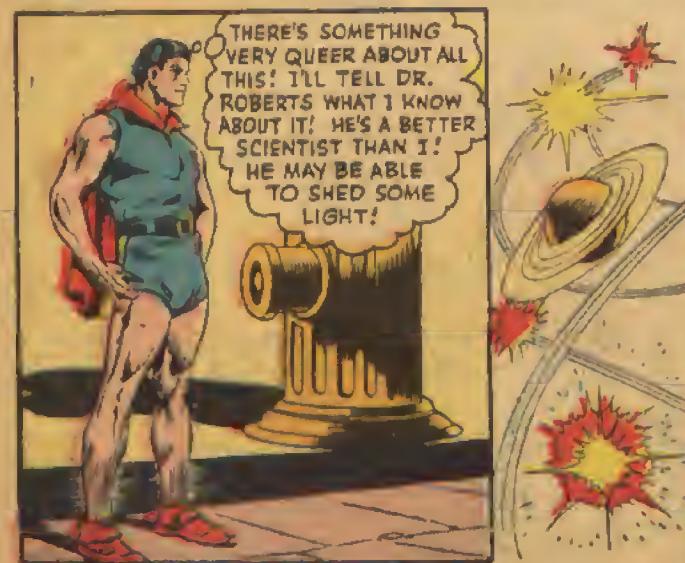
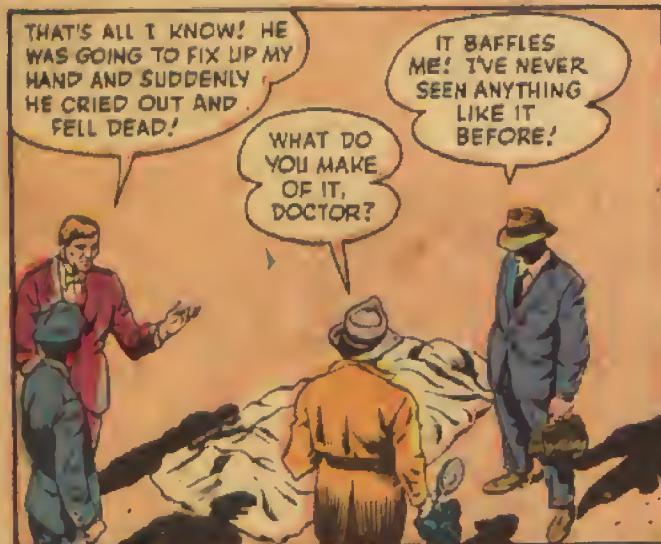


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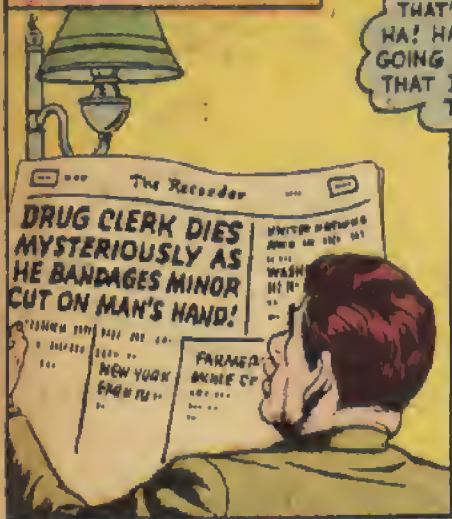
FEATURE COMICS





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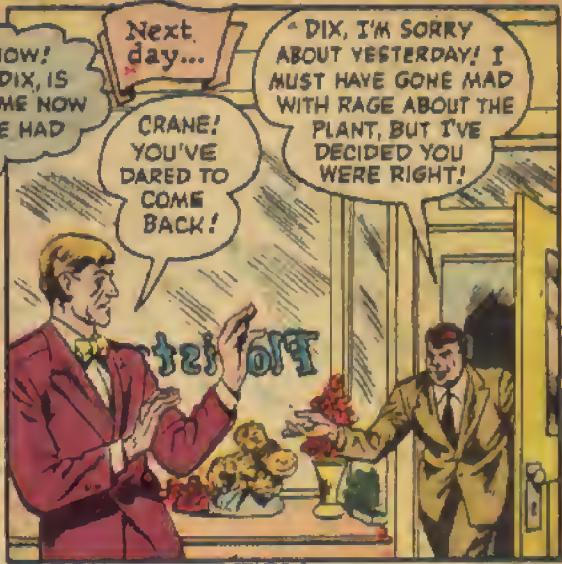
And in Crane's home...



THAT'S IT! I SEE IT ALL NOW!
HA! HA! THAT WEAKLING, DIX, IS
GOING TO DO THINGS FOR ME NOW
THAT I MIGHT NEVER HAVE HAD
THE NERVE TO DO
MYSELF!



Next day...



DIX, I'M SORRY
ABOUT YESTERDAY! I
MUST HAVE GONE MAD
WITH RAGE ABOUT THE
PLANT, BUT I'VE
DECIDED YOU
WERE RIGHT!

UNPOUNDEDLY YOU KNOW BEST, EVEN
ABOUT OUR COMPETITORS! AND JUST
TO SHOW YOU I'M READY TO FORGET
AND TURN OVER A NEW LEAF, I'M
GOING TO ASK MELDIN TO
COME DOWN HERE!



EXACTLY! BUT I'VE HAD THE WRONG
ATTITUDE! FROM NOW ON, WE'LL ALL
WORK TOGETHER -- GIVE THE OTHER
FLORISTS A BREAK!



I FEEL WE CAN
REALLY BE FRIENDS NOW
AS WELL AS
PARTNERS!
LET'S SHAKE
ON IT!

MORE FLOWERS
FROM THE
GREENHOUSE,
MR. DIX!



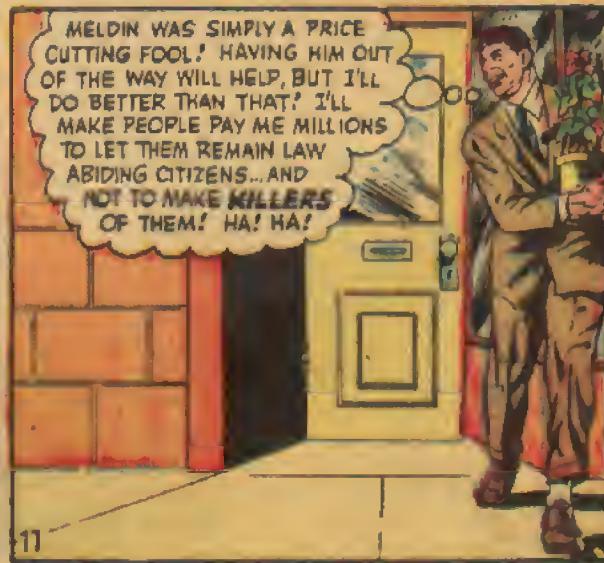
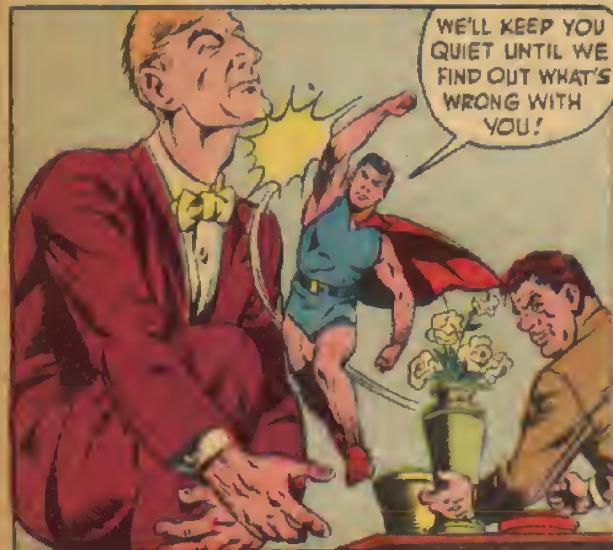
NO... NO... DIX! THAT'S
NOT NECESSARY! LET'S
NOT BE
SENTIMENTAL!



FEATURE COMICS



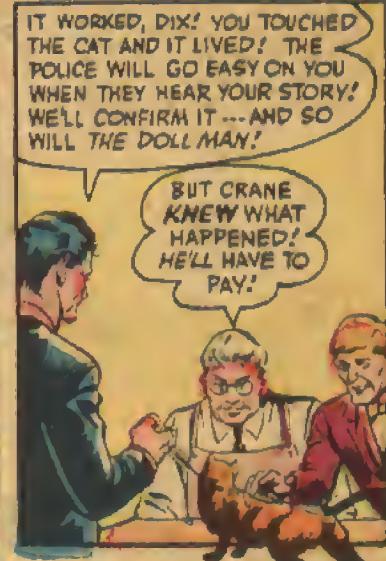
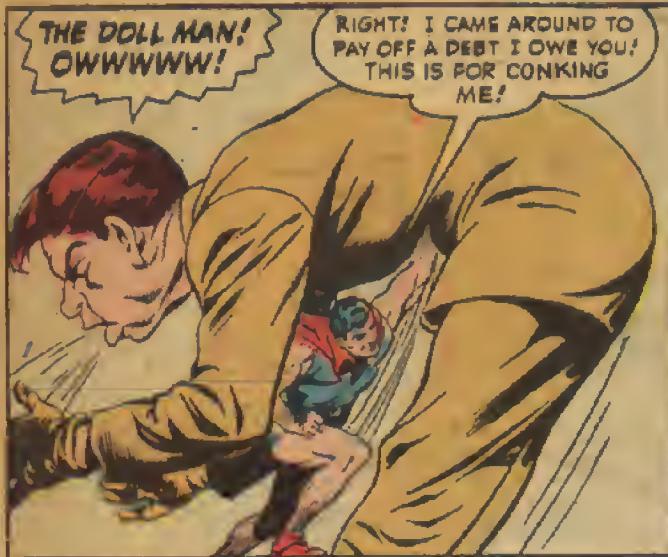
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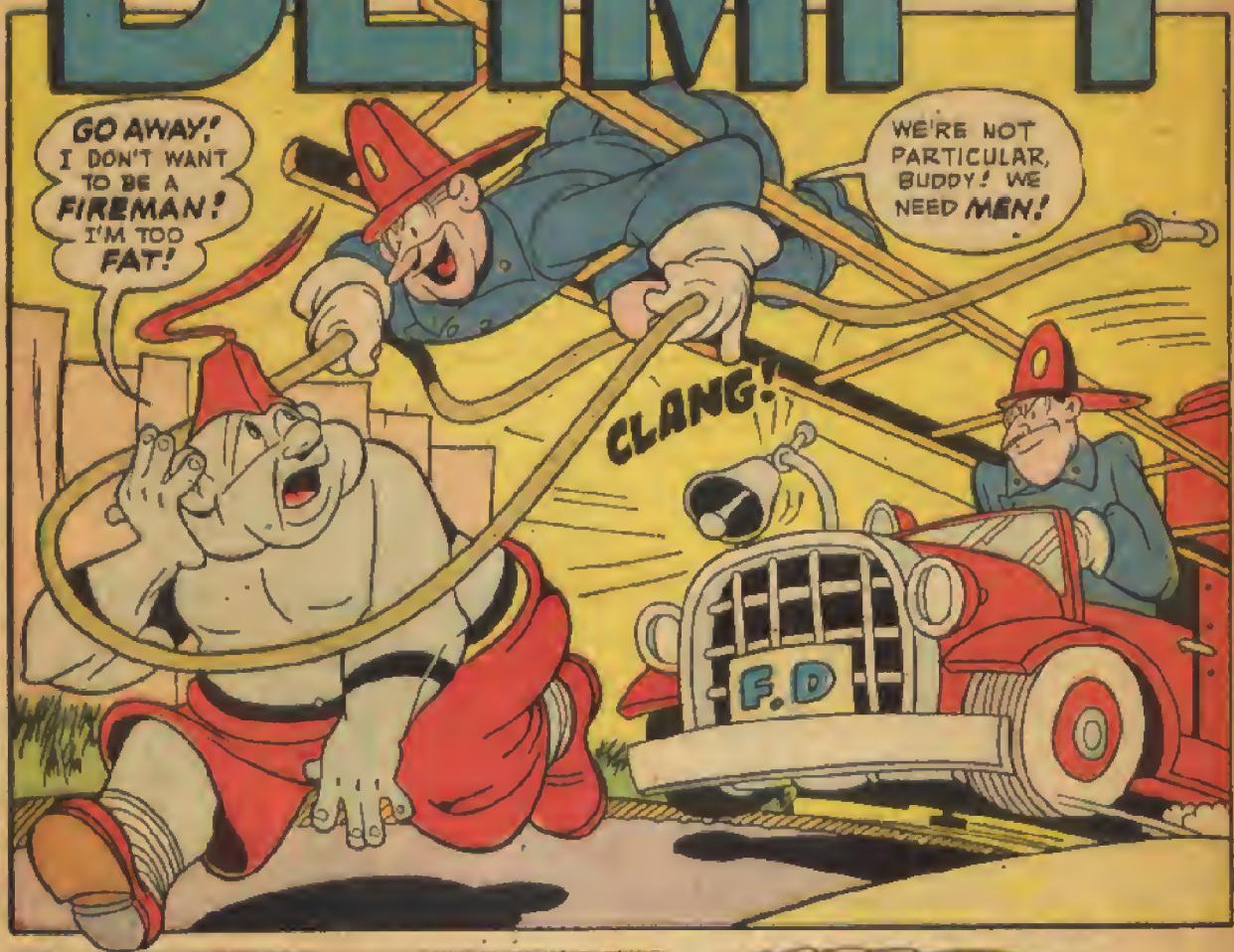
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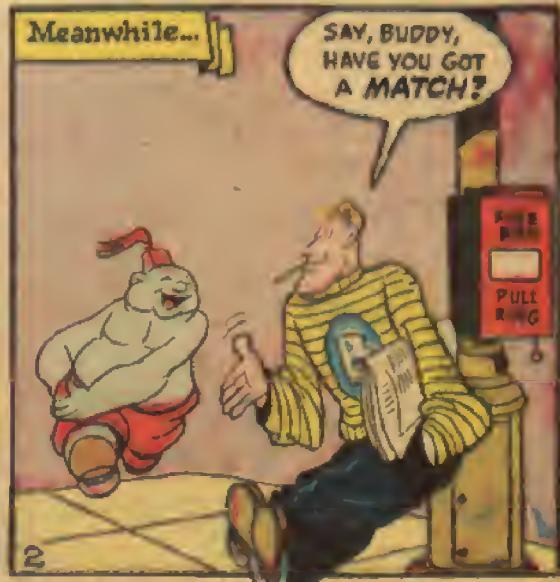
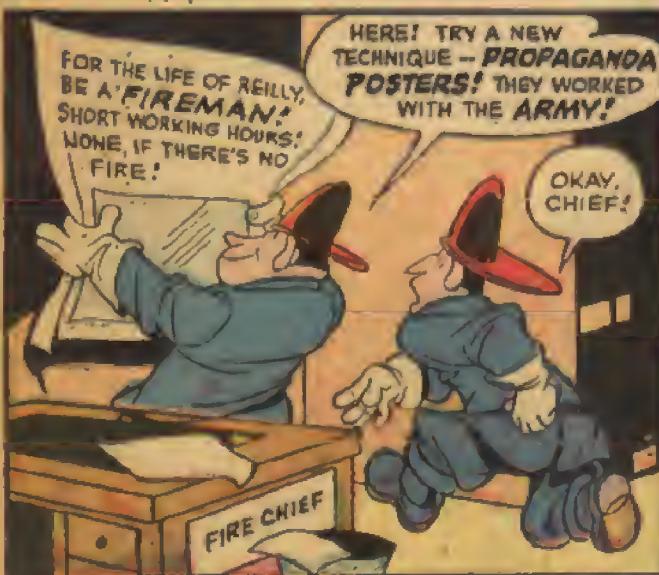
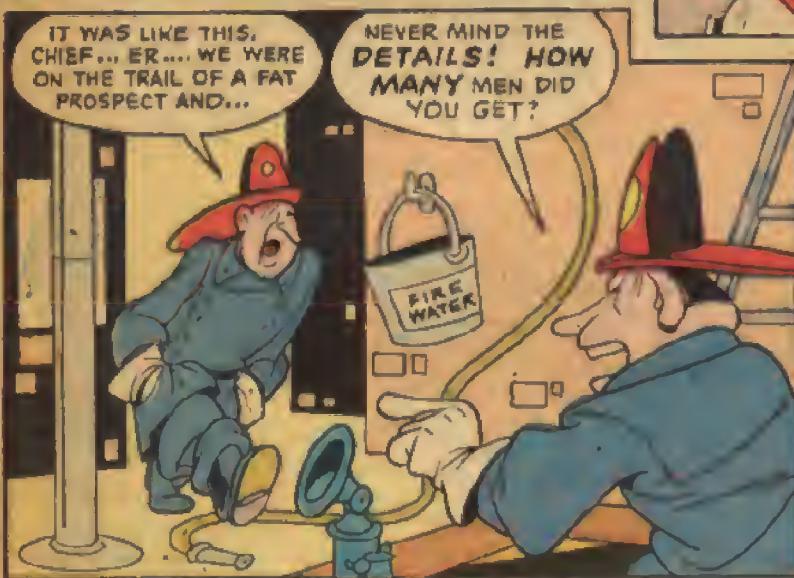
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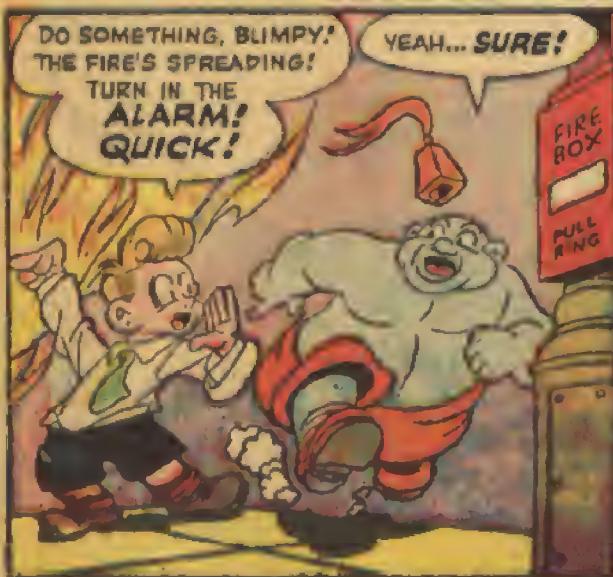
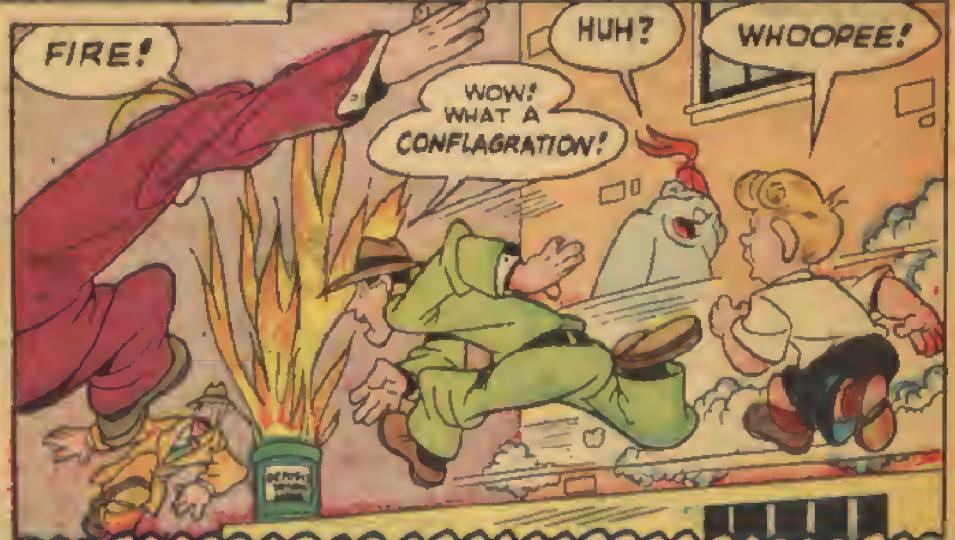


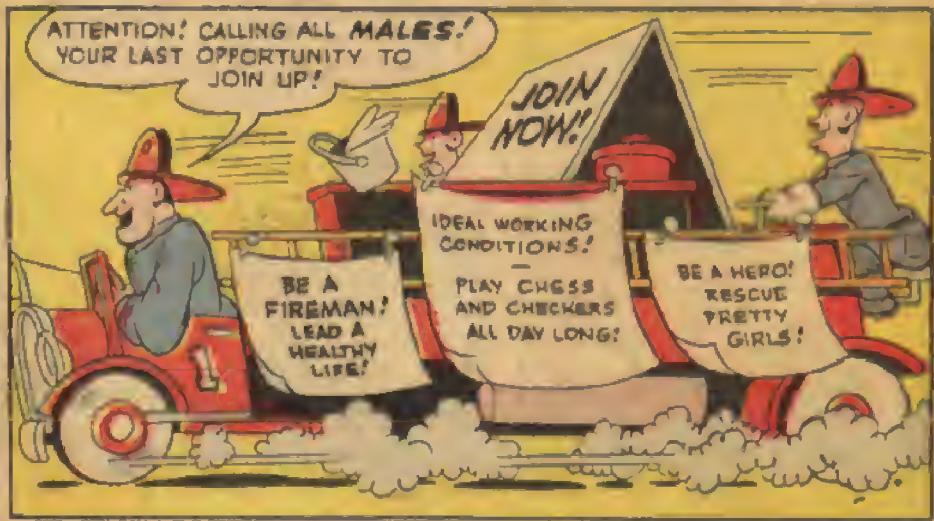
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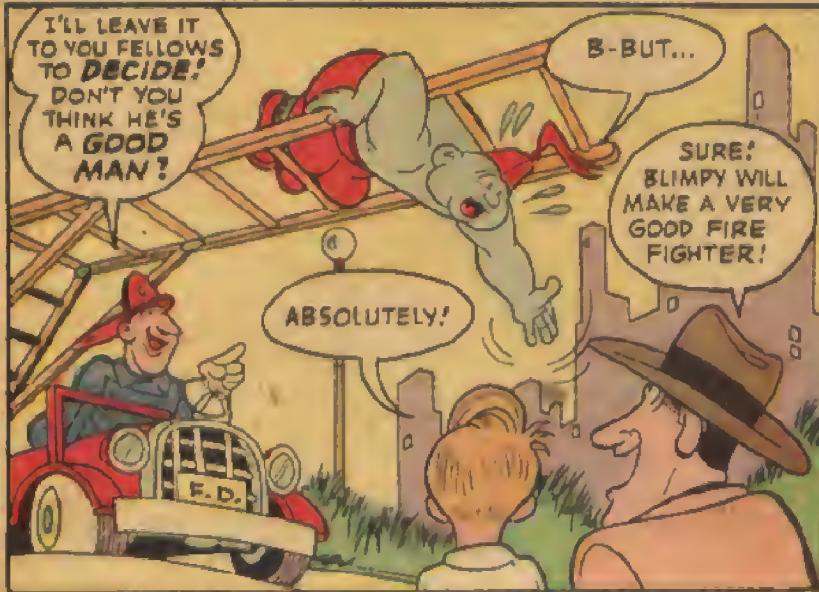


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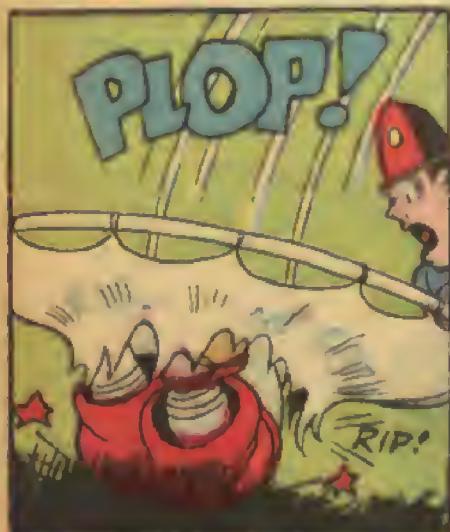
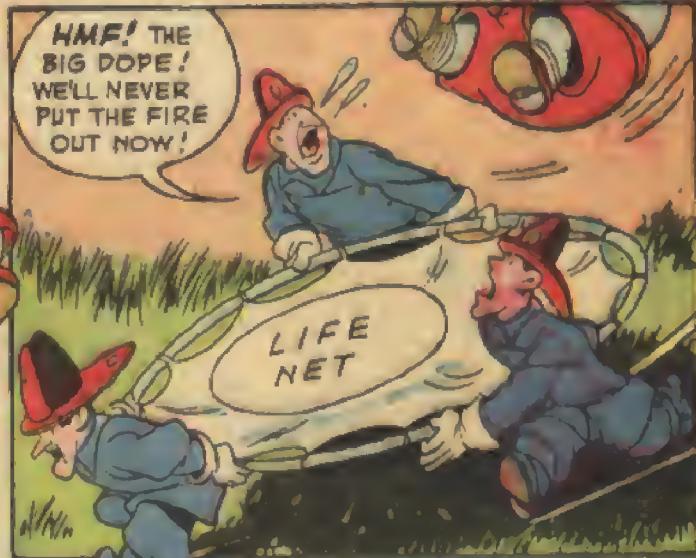
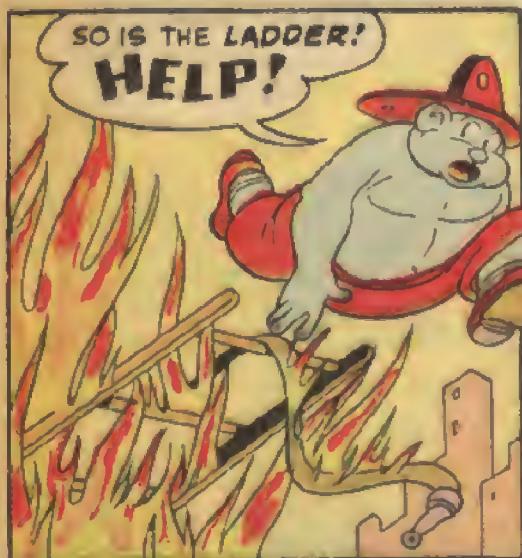




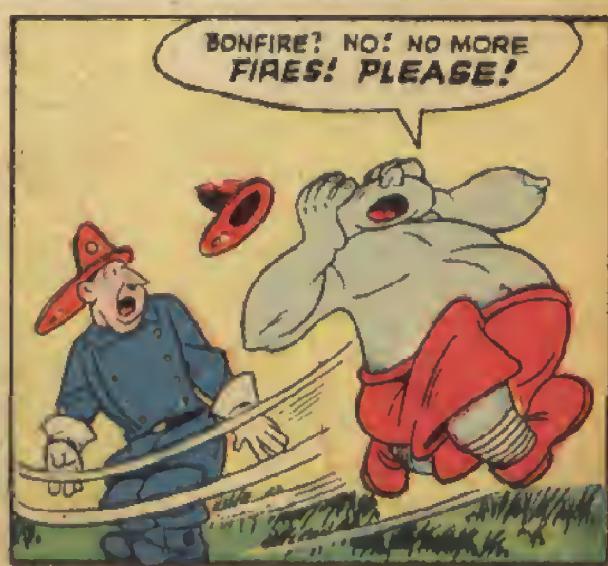
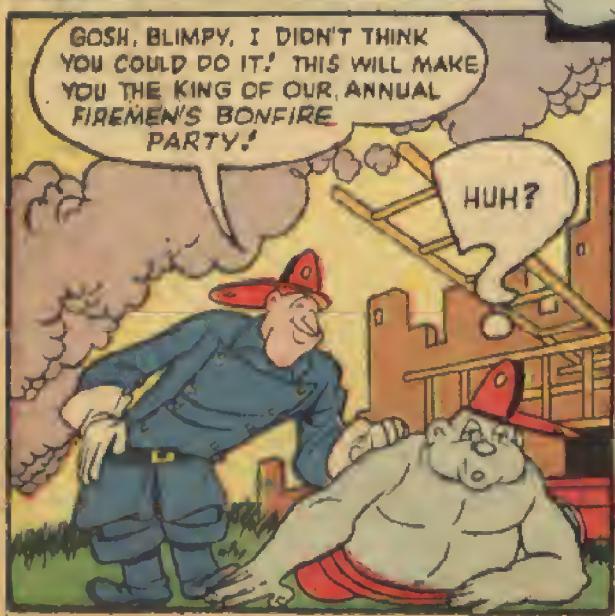
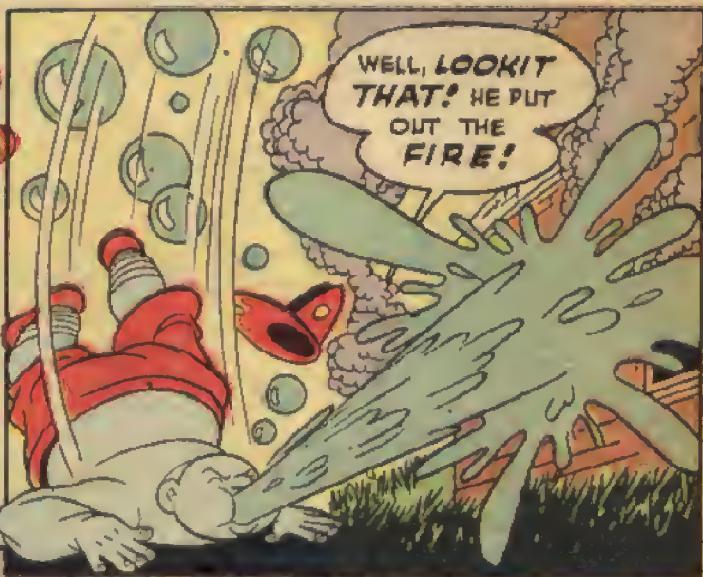




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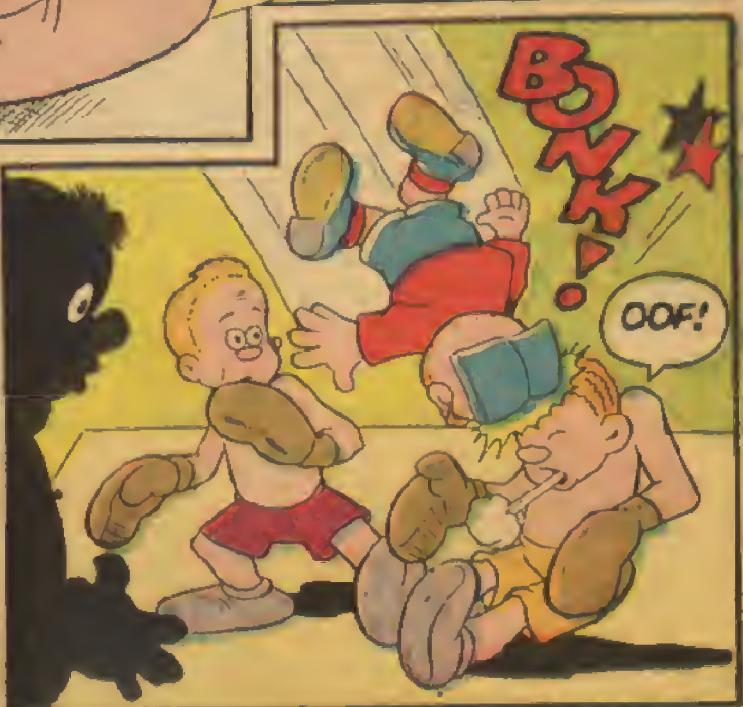
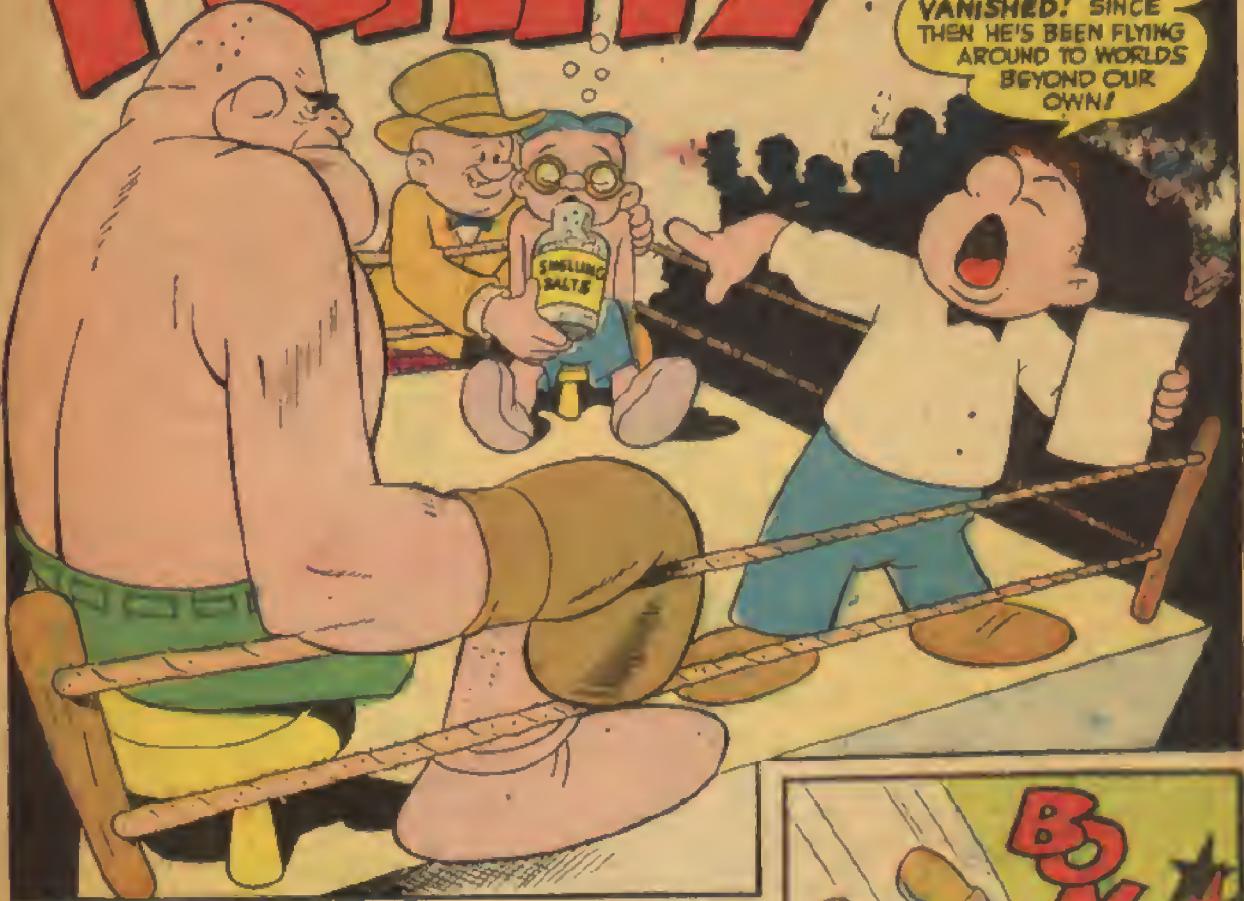


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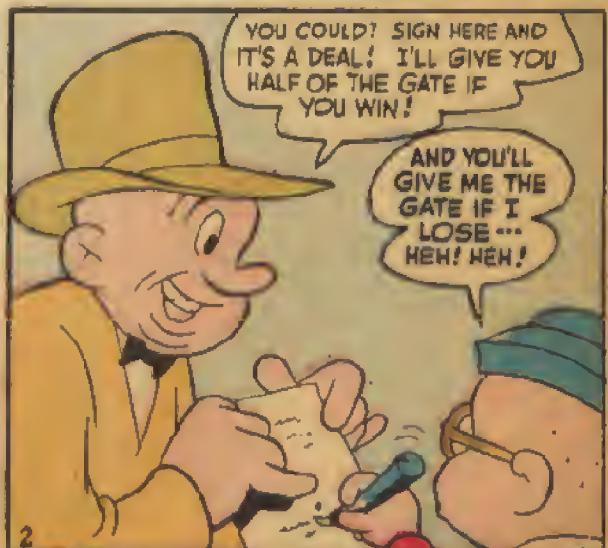
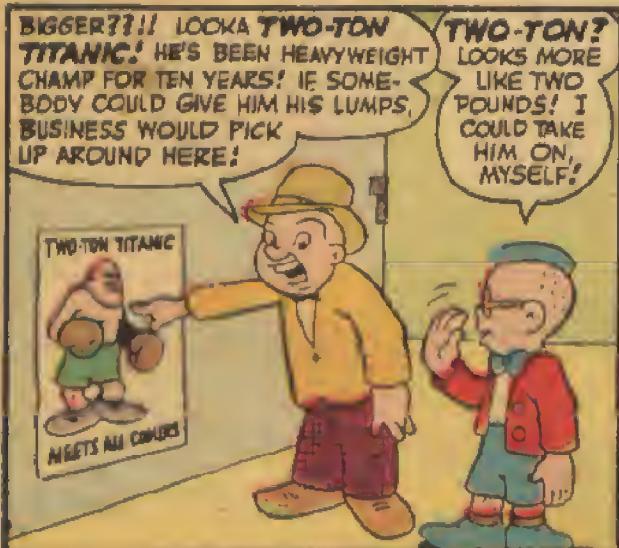
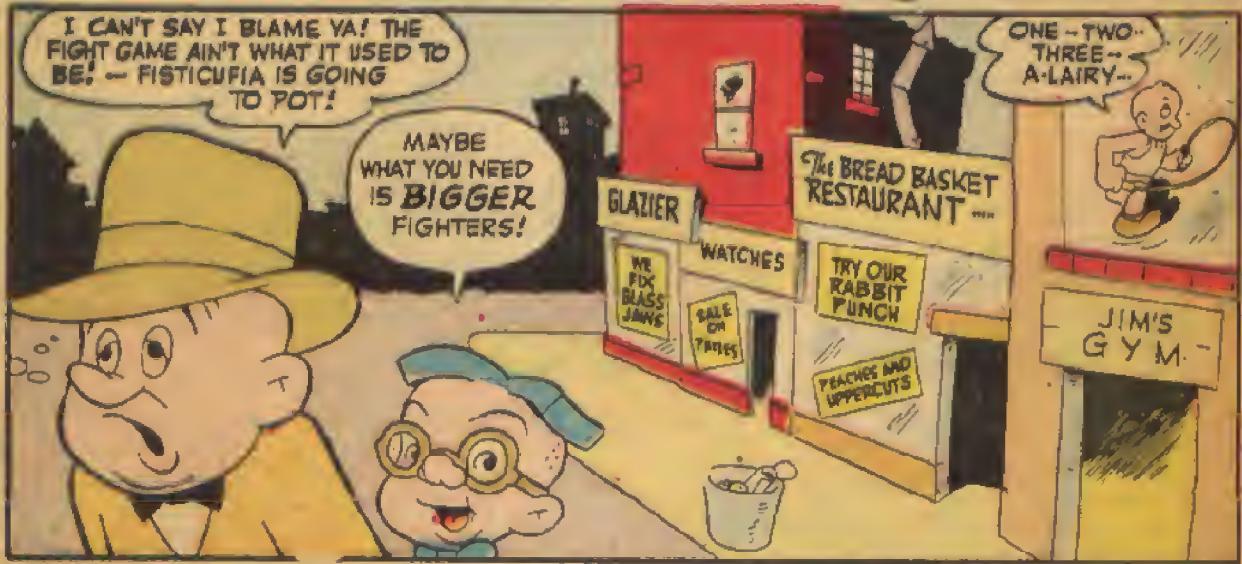
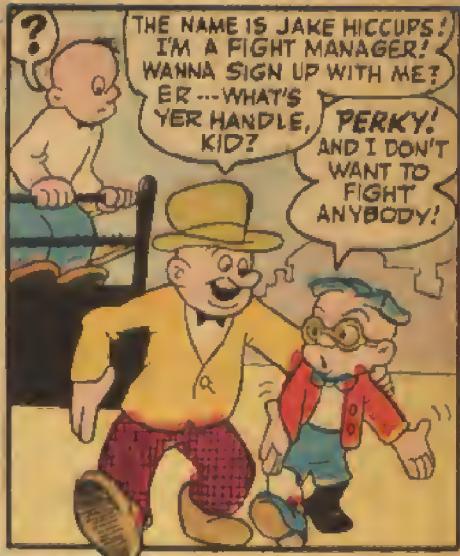
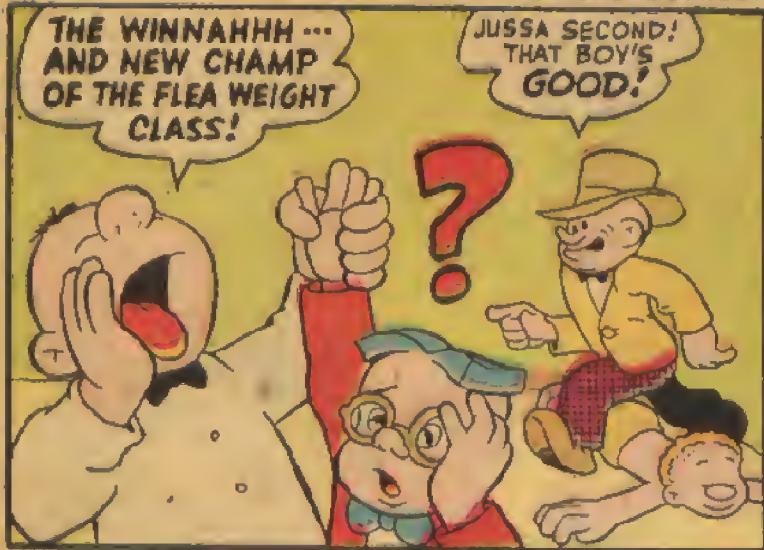


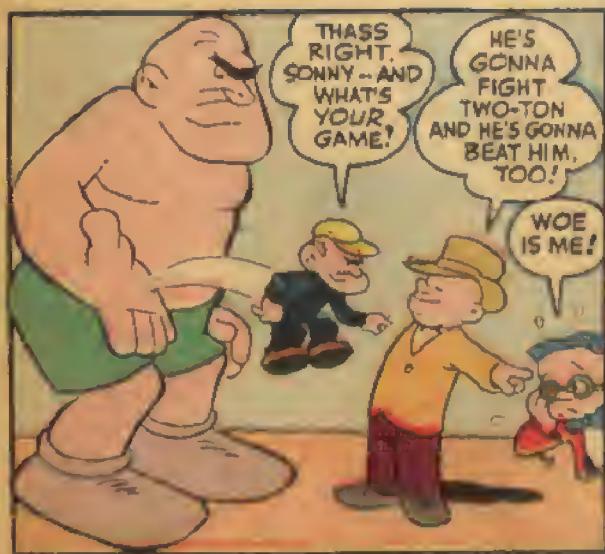
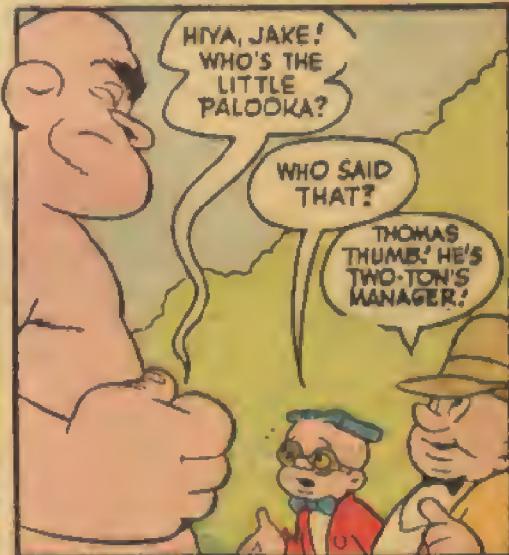
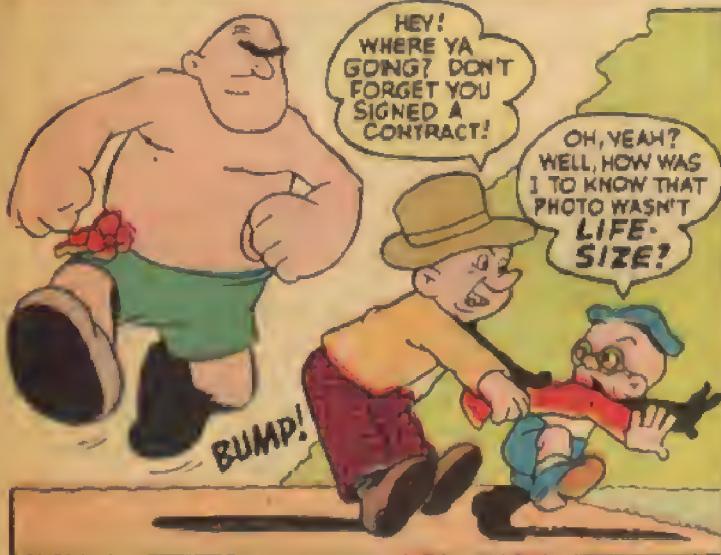
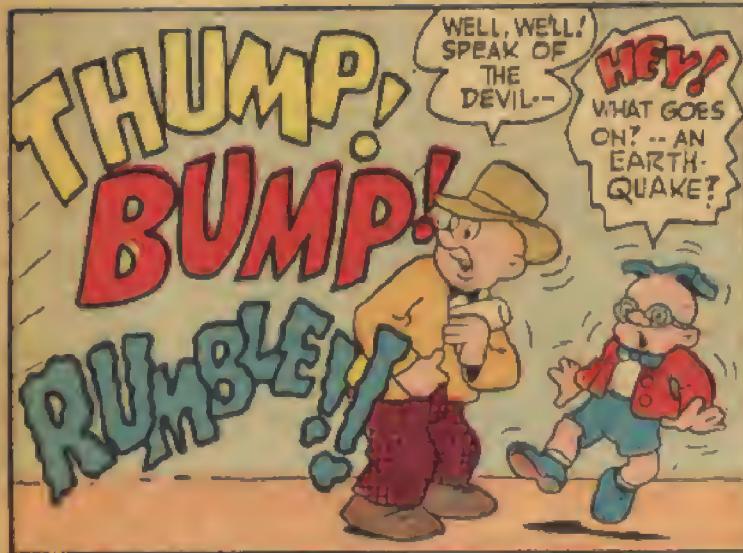
PERKY

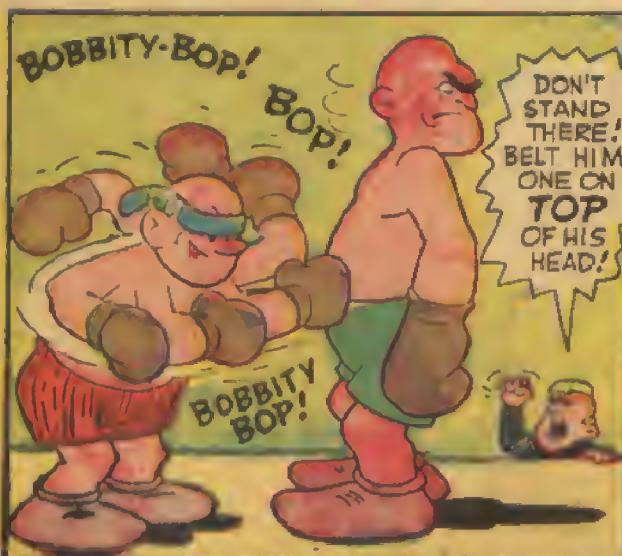
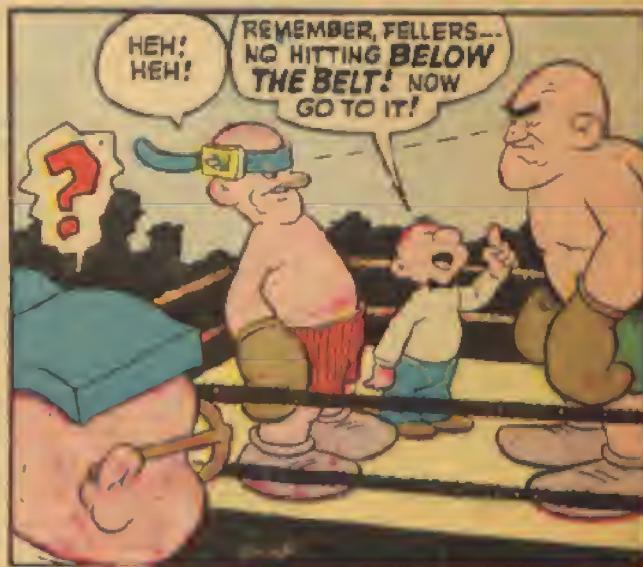
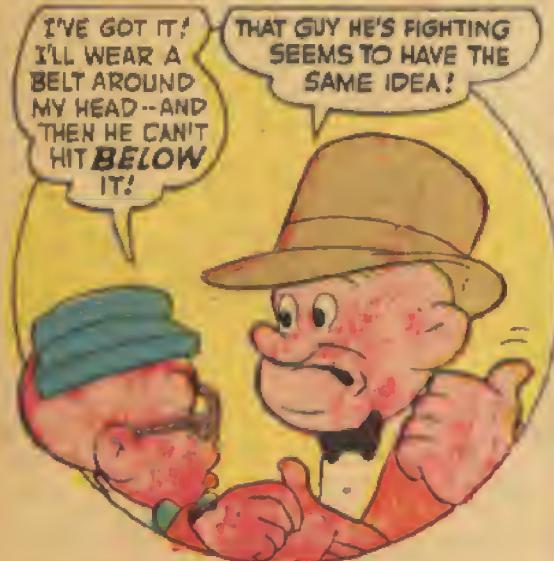
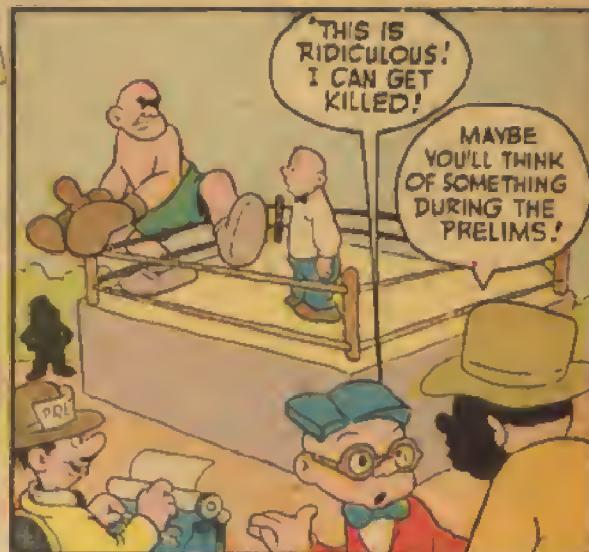
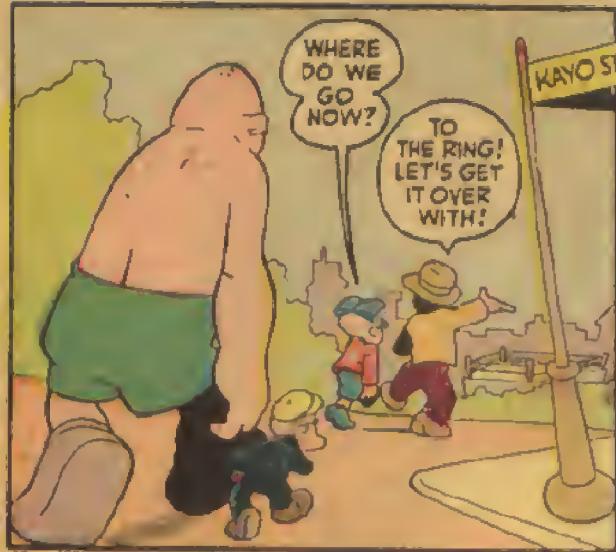
AND IN THAT CORNER -- BATTLING PERKY!! ...THE KID WHO VOLUNTEERED TO STEP INTO AN AMATEUR MAGICIAN'S VANISHING BOX AT THE VAUDEVILLE SHOW -- AND VANISHED! SINCE THEN HE'S BEEN FLYING AROUND TO WORLDS BEYOND OUR OWN!



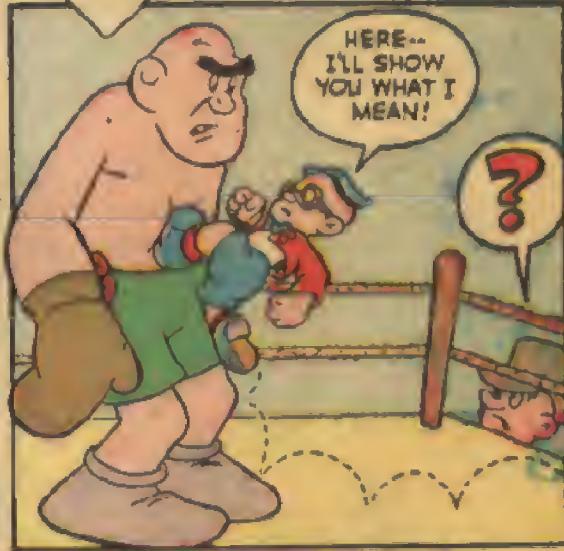
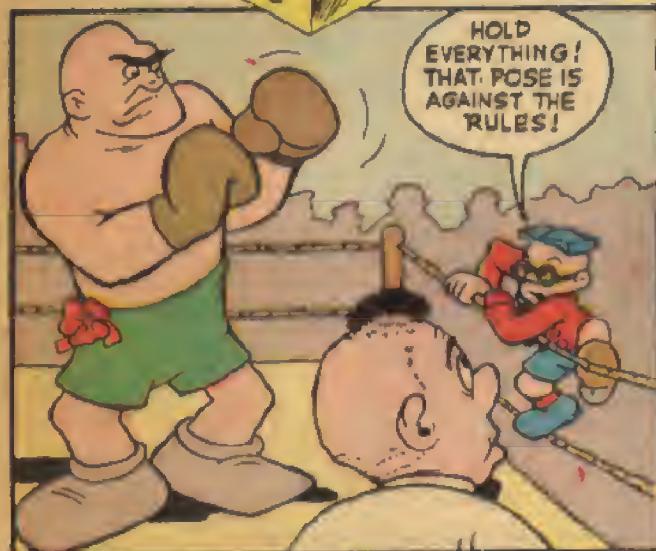
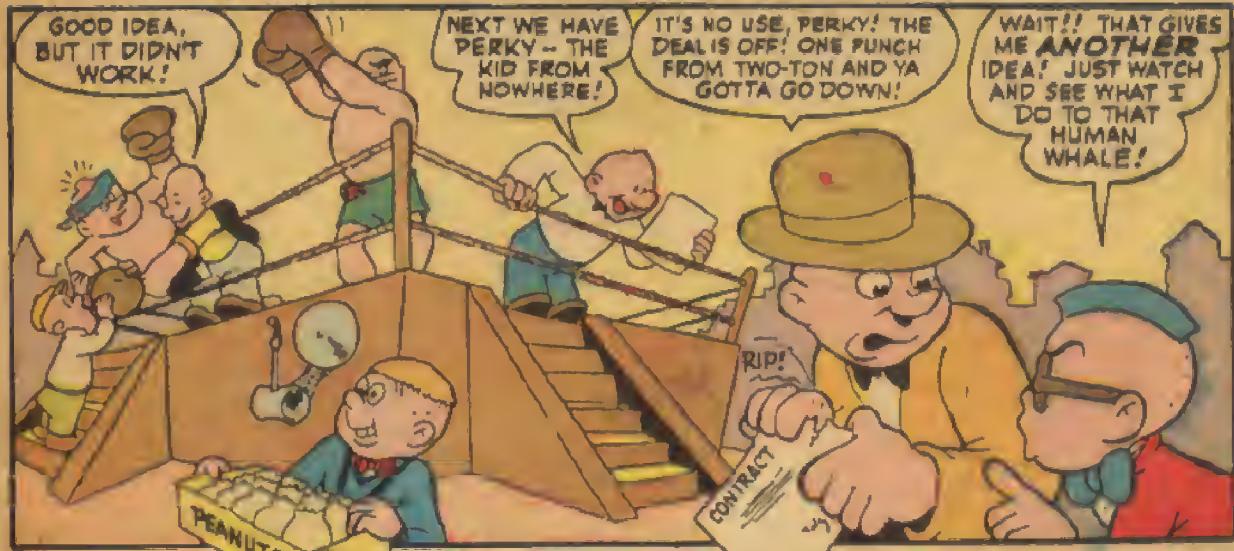
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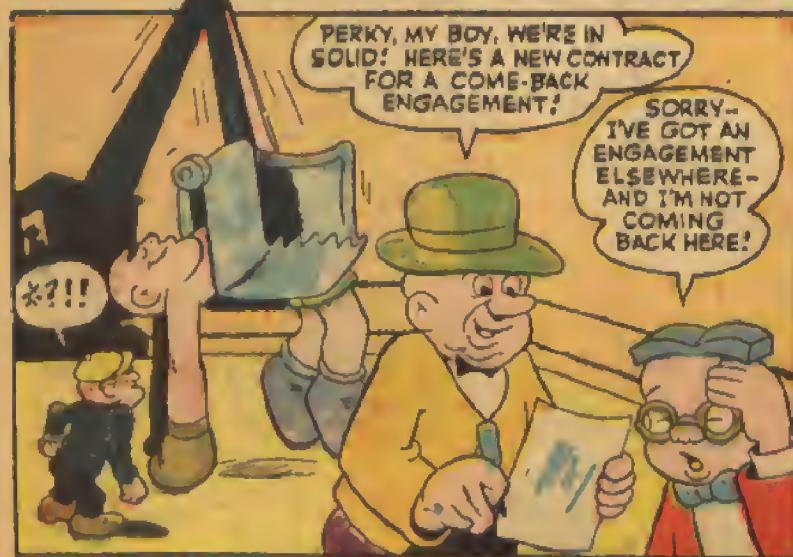
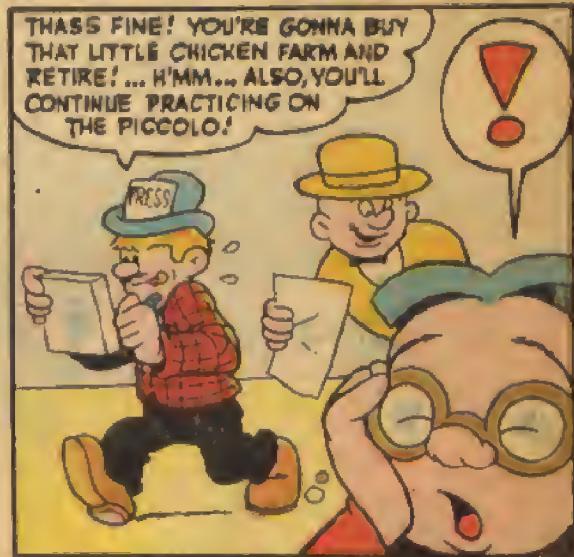
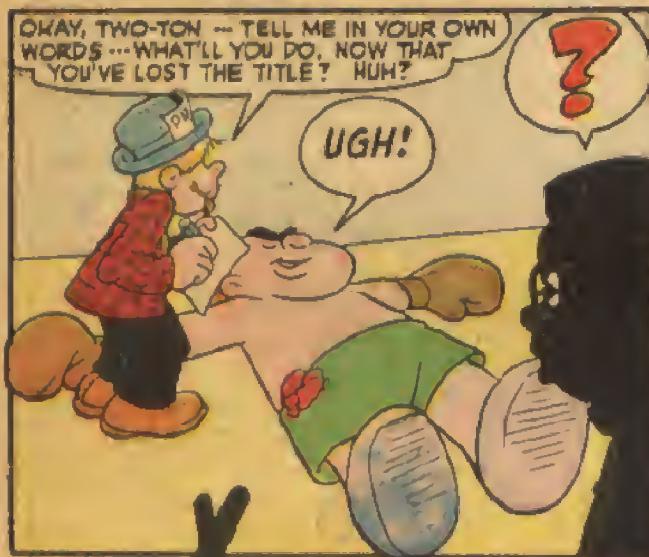
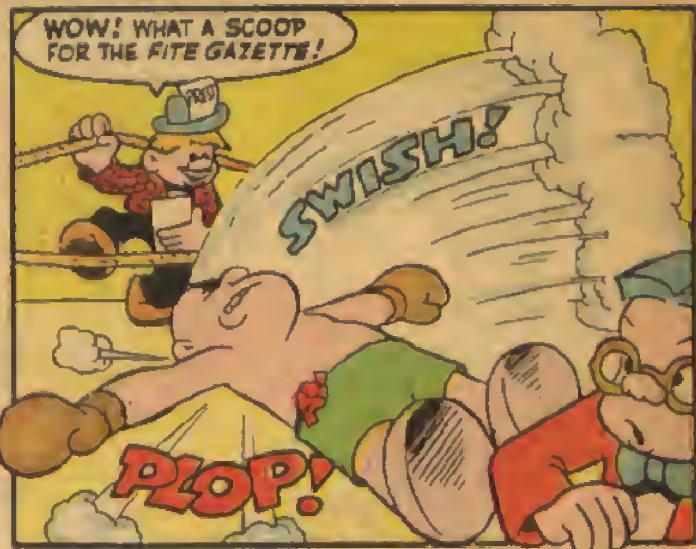




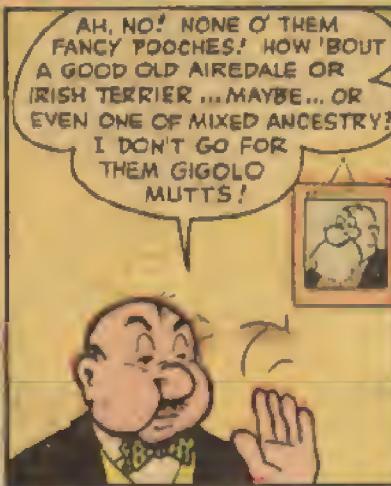
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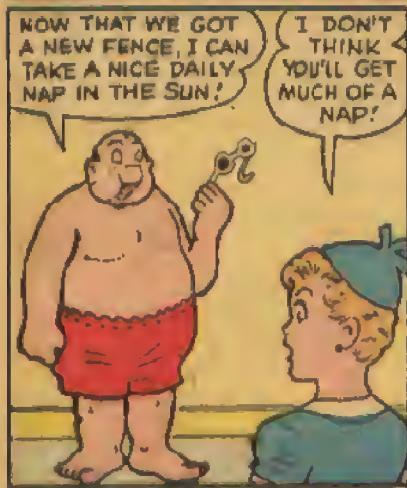
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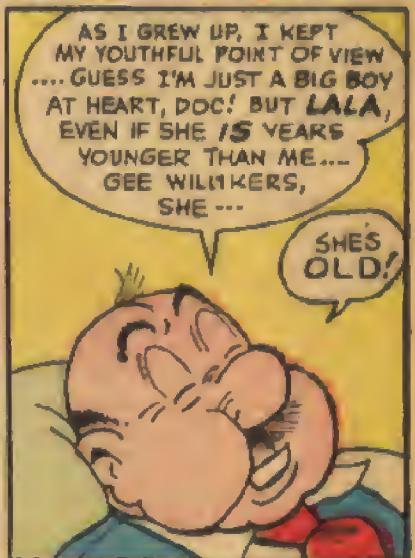
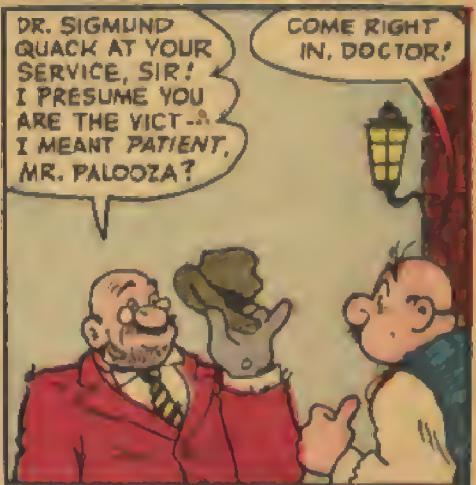
LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA



SWING SISSON



Late at night, and the **CLUB APACHE** closes....

BE BACK IN AN HOUR, KIDS! WE'RE GOING TO WHIP THE ROUGH SPOTS OFF THAT NEW SPECIALTY WE'RE DOING TOMORROW NIGHT!



COME ON, SWING! TOBY WANTS TO HAVE A SANDWICH WITH US!

THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO EAT! ALL MUSICIANS GRAB A GNAW HERE! WHAT'S THE LATEST NEWS, BONNIE?

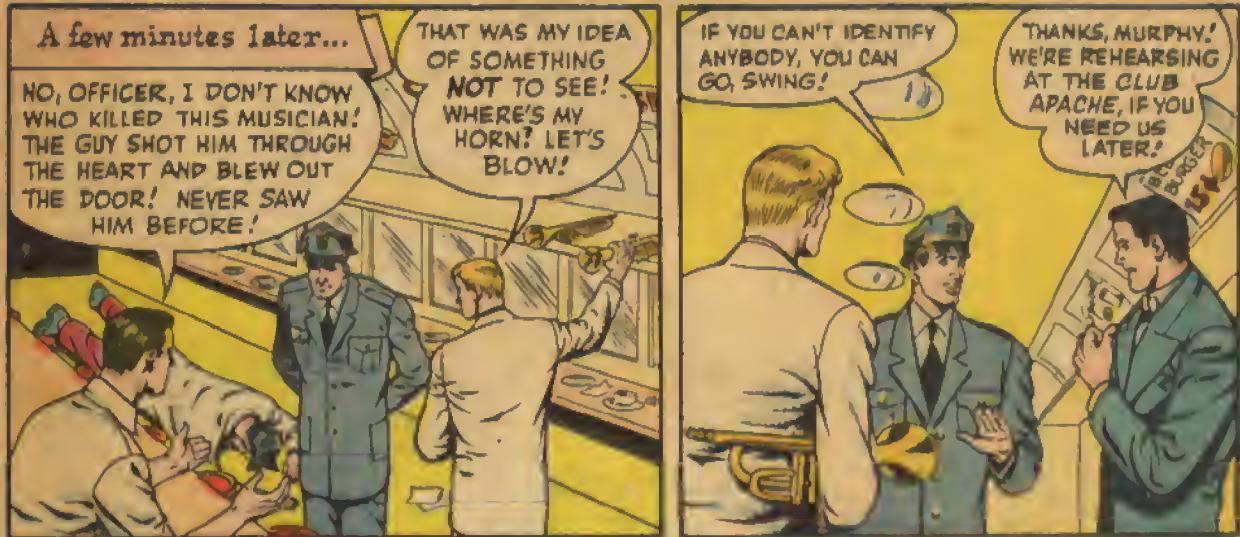
THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR A THIEF WHO STOLE A DIAMOND HEIRLOOM NECKLACE AT THE DITHERBY DINNER DANCE!

AT LEAST WE DIDN'T PLAY THERE! WE'RE IN THE CLEAR WITH THE LAW-- HEY!

BANG!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS

MICKEY FINN
By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

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FEATURE COMICS

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NIPPIE

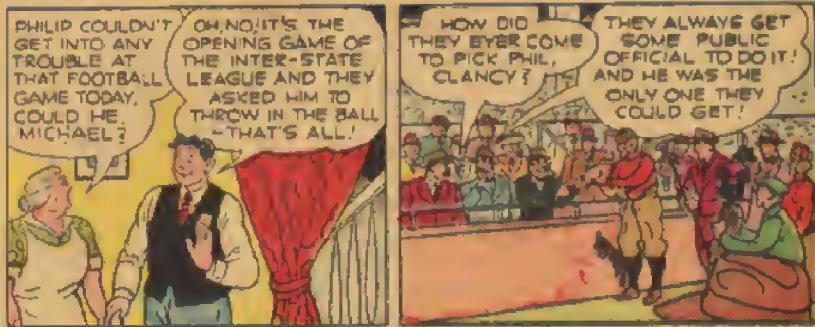
By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



RED GOD

A HUGE, barrel-chested bronze idol is exactly how he looked. A venomous, slit-eyed idol of some fiendish forgotten race. His broad face was fat and red, but it was nearly all covered with an enormous red beard—such a beard as none of the party had ever seen.

Tully was the monster's name. Just Tully. No one knew his first name. Nor did anyone recall when he had come to New Guinea, nor how he had become a veritable god among the Gakus.

But a god Tully was, no mistaking that. He ruled his tribe with a fist of steel—and they loved him for it.

Eyes squinted against the blazing sun, he grimaced as he looked at Perry Scott and his small party. "No white men allowed beyond the ridge," he said. "You'll never come back if you go it."

"But Mr. Tully," said Perry, "we know he landed somewhere in the back country beyond the ridge. His last wireless signals came from there. We've got to find him. Won't you give us an escort?"

The red god scowled and shook his head. "No. For reasons of my own I want no snoopers back there. Stay out. I'll not be responsible for you if you go in." He clapped his hands and a big native came running up. Tully said something in dialect. The native disappeared but in a moment had returned with a steaming pot of tea, which he set on a bamboo table.

"Drink," said Tully, pouring out the tea in small, beautifully designed clay cups.

"You will not help us then?" asked Perry once more.

The red monster shook his head. "No."

Perry turned away without touching his cup of tea. "Then we'll help ourselves." He motioned to the others and together they headed toward the jungle trail.

The day was blazing hot. The jungle was dark and moist. It hummed with invisible life whenever the brightly-clad, raucous-voiced denizens ceased their din. The sound went in

waves: noise and then silence. Only the silence was oddly filled with sound. The jungle is always thus, sleeping yet sleepless.

They trudged along the dim trail, canopied with gigantic hardwood trees that made the path like an aisle through a mighty cathedral. Poisonous snakes slithered across the trail at intervals. Bright birds screamed and scolded. Monkeys leaped through the lower branches, chattering angrily.

Perry didn't like the situation. He had expected some assistance from the man called Tully. He was a white man, that everybody knew. But he was a monster withal. He had some very good reason for not permitting his kind in the back country. Some dark secret. He was wealthy.

Perry recalled those wireless messages from the crashed B-17, back in 1943. They had emanated from Tully's country. Several parties—Australians, Americans, Englishmen—had tried to get in but were turned back by the hostile natives whom Tully ruled. What was the reason?

One thing sure, Perry meant to rescue Blanton, the lost flier, and whatever members of his crew remained. Or did Blanton himself still live? There was only one way to tell and that was to go in and find out. They were going in!

For the first day, they saw nothing of Tully's natives. Only the wild denizens of the forest. Perry marveled at the immense size of the beautiful butterflies. This was an entomologist's paradise. But no butterfly catcher had ever been allowed in here.

The second and third days were the same. Nothing human disturbed them. It bothered Perry somewhat. It was certain that Tully had spies, knew just where they were at all times. What was he waiting for? Would he suddenly strike them down from ambush?

"I don't like this," he told Perkins, one of his men. "He's giving us too much rope."

"Maybe," said Perkins wryly. "he's letting us hang ourselves with it."

FEATURE COMICS

On the morning of the fourth day, they saw a spiral of thin blue smoke rising directly ahead of them. They were in thin jungle now, the big trees having given out with higher ground.

"A camp fire," said Perry, pointing. "Now I wonder—"

They reached the camp just after noon. And what a camp! It was a huge stockade made of foot-thick mahogany logs standing on end and laced together with great jungle vines. The tops of the logs were pointed. It was like a prisoners' corral such as Perry had seen on the West Coast of Africa.

They strode up to the massive gates of the stockade. Perkins, just before they reached the fort entrance, tapped Perry on the arm. "They've been following us," he reported. "Saw 'em back in the jungle."

"Be careful," Perry said. Then he shouted. The gates swung open. A strange sight met their eyes. The stockade was a quarter-mile in diameter. It surrounded three large mine shafts. White men were coming and going from the dark tunnels, carrying heavy loads which they dumped on a central pile. A gold dump!

"They're slaves!" gasped Perry. "Just as I thought. Tully's trapped fliers with a knowledge of mechanics and set 'em to work digging his gold. No wonder he doesn't want anybody in here—snooping."

Two other red-bearded white men met them at the gate. They looked like Tully's brothers. They both held automatics.

"Come in," they boomed. "We've been expecting you. Need more labor anyway. Katu!" called one of them. A giant native ran up. "Take these new recruits to the readying pens," he told him.

Perry, Perkins and the other two men were quickly relieved of their weapons and made to follow the native, who also held a gun. They were hustled into a log pen and told to take their clothes off. Perry, with a bit of adhesive tape, fastened a small flat packet under his right arm. A few minutes later the big native came and ordered them out. They were herded into the cooking quarters and told to help prepare the forthcoming meal. One of the red-beards grinned and said, "We teach 'em how to cook first, then comes the mines. Hurry now!"

Perry found himself stirring a huge kettle of soup. An hour later a gong rang and work stopped. Everyone gathered at a long plank table in the open. There were at least fifteen white men, all of them beaten down and lack-luster, worked to death. A ladle of the thick soup was poured into cocoanut bowls and every man began pitching in. The red-bearded ones and several natives, who were in authority, sat at another table. They, too, ate soup.

After a moment Perry nudged the white man sitting next to him. "Watch. When they pass out, do as I tell you. We'll get you out of here."

After a few minutes it was seen that the red-beards and the natives at the same table began nodding. Soon they were snoring.

"Now!" said Perry. "All of you follow me. First, get me some mahogany wood, dump it into the soup kettle and start it boiling with a little water."

This was soon done. A reddish liquid was the result.

"Now," said Perry, "all of you fellows have long hair and beards. Each of you dip your heads into the brew and soak your whiskers."

One after the other the white men did as told. They came up with flaming hair and beards. They looked at each other stunned, not knowing. Perry and his friends did likewise, becoming red-heads too.

"Come on," said Perry, leading the way toward the gate. "We'll have no trouble getting away."

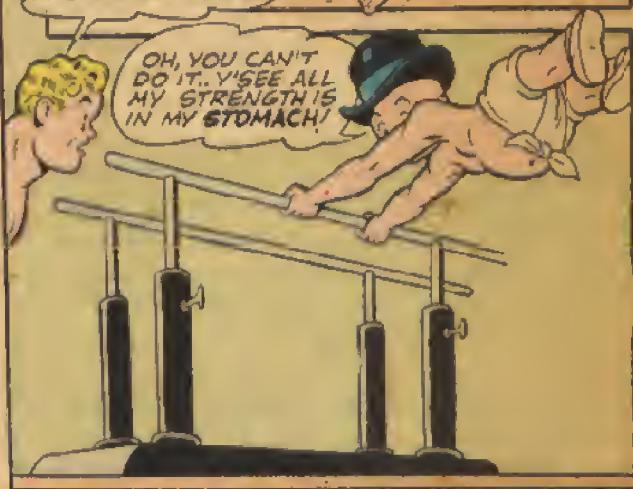
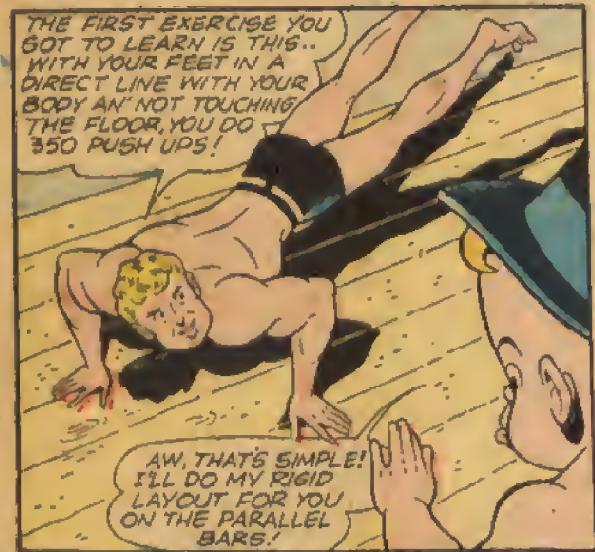
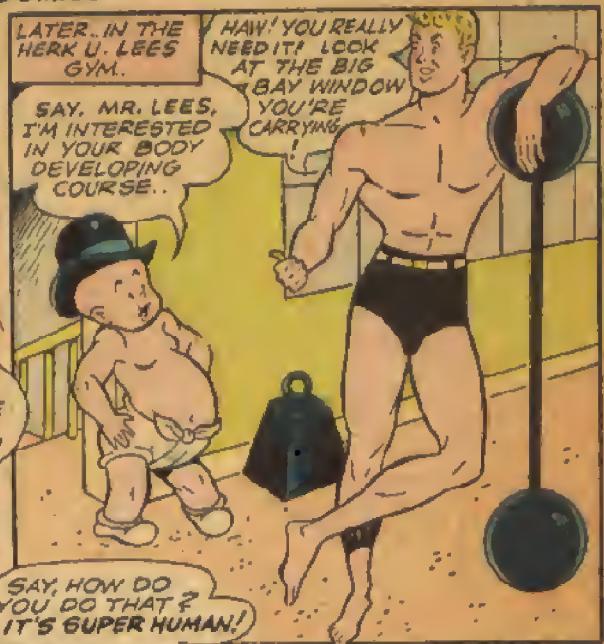
Meekly the men followed this new leader. For days they trudged through the jungle. Not once did they see a hostile native. By a different route they came to a small seaport town where there was a British police outpost. Perry told the story.

That day a large force of mounted police started for the hangout of Tully, about the time the lost white men, now red-haired and red-bearded, were piling into a government steamer.

"I don't get it," said the chief of police, after Perry had removed his red dye and was seated in the man's office telling the story. "How come you got through?"

Perry grinned. "Oh, I figured the natives thought Tully was a god with his red hair and beard. We just became red gods, too."

POISON IVY



ROSCOE

GEE!
THAT SOUNDS
LIKE A GORILLA
BEATING HIS
CHEST!



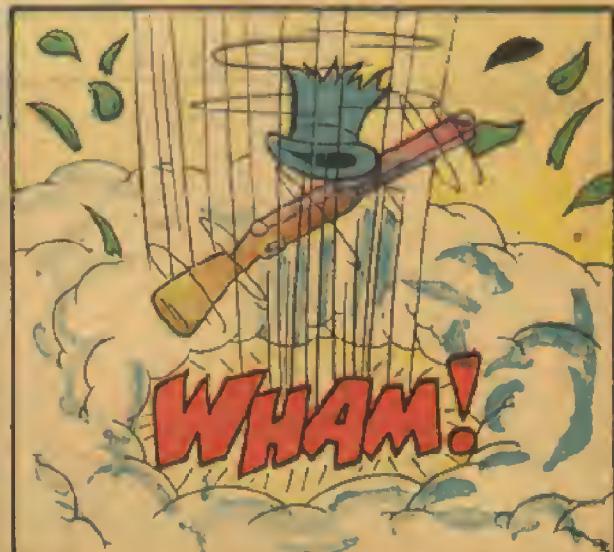
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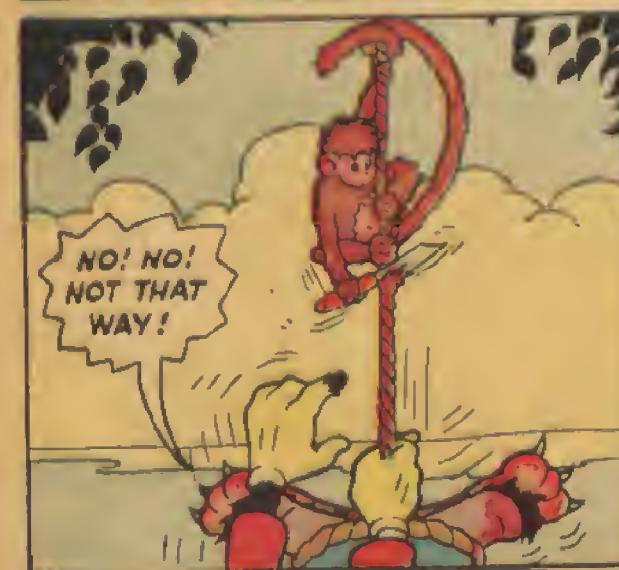


After many long miles.....

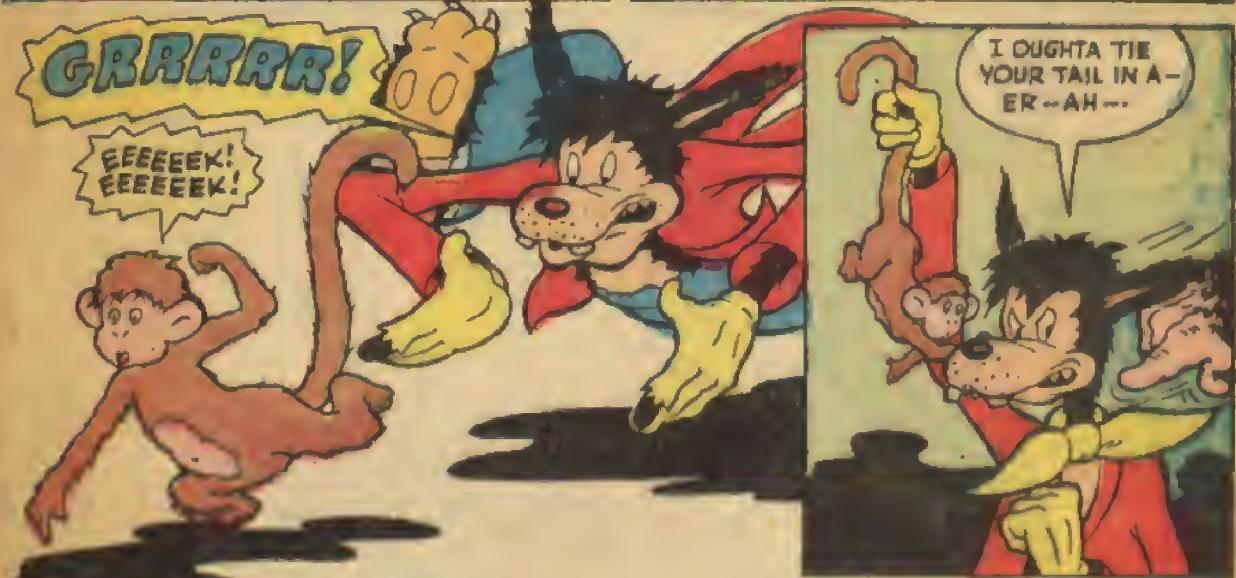


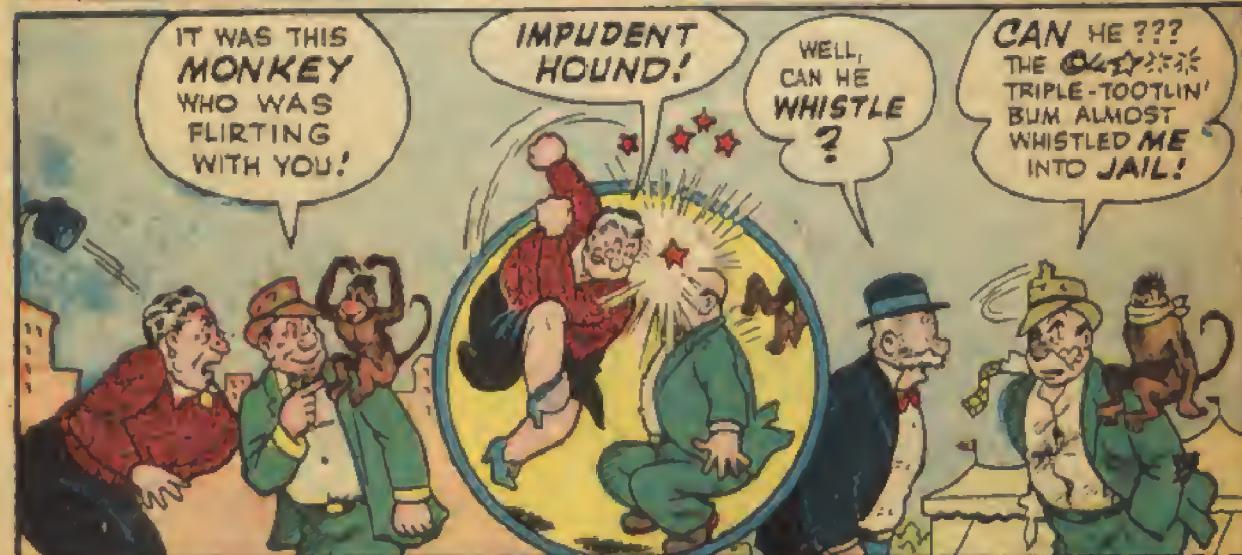
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FEATURE COMICS

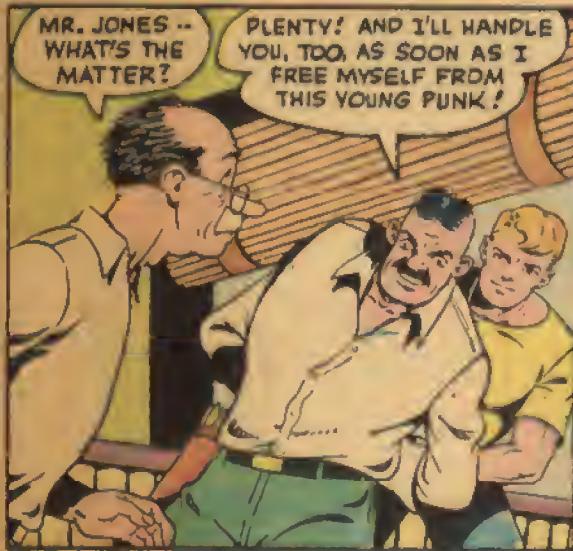
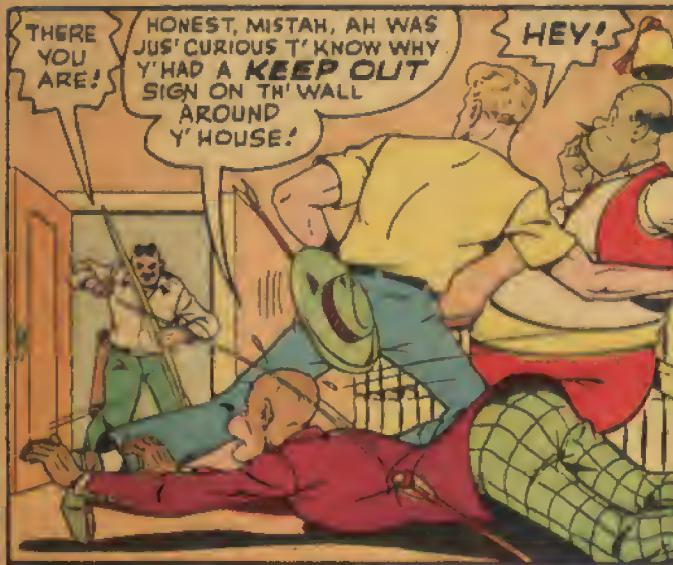


BIG TOP

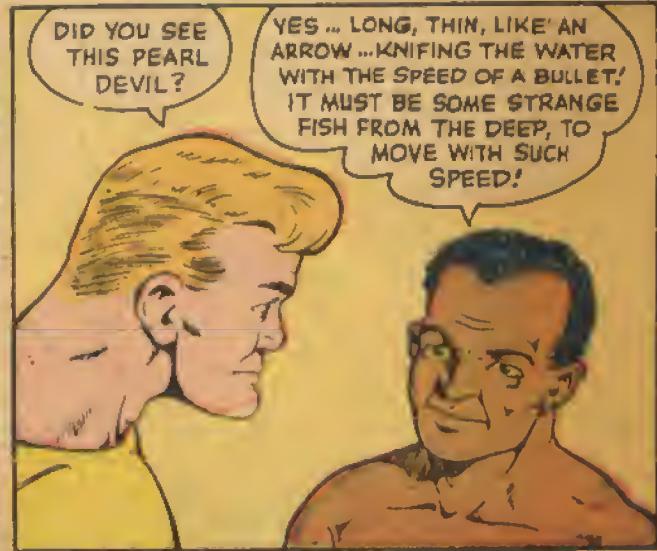
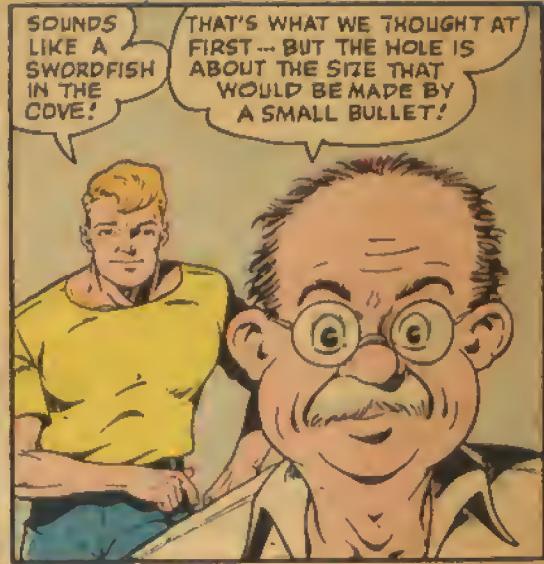
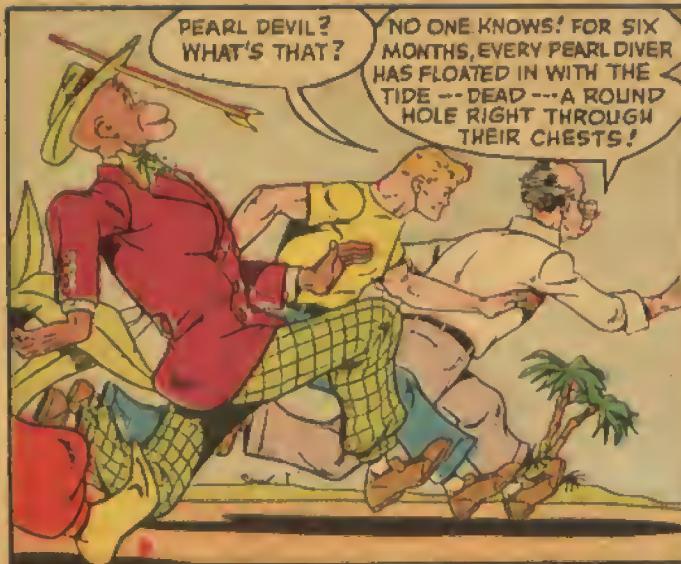
BIG TOP

RUSTY RYAN





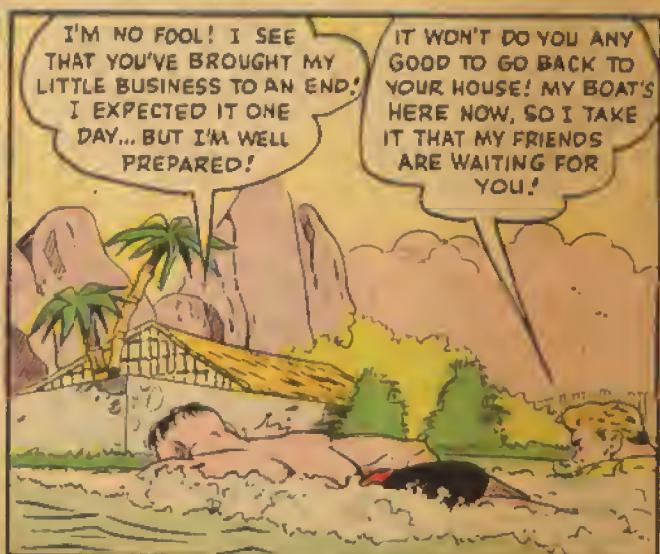
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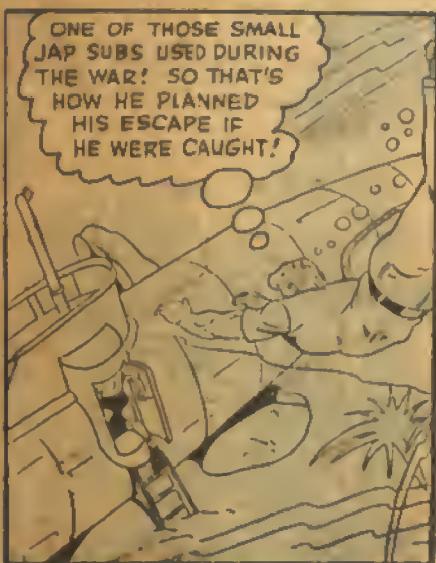
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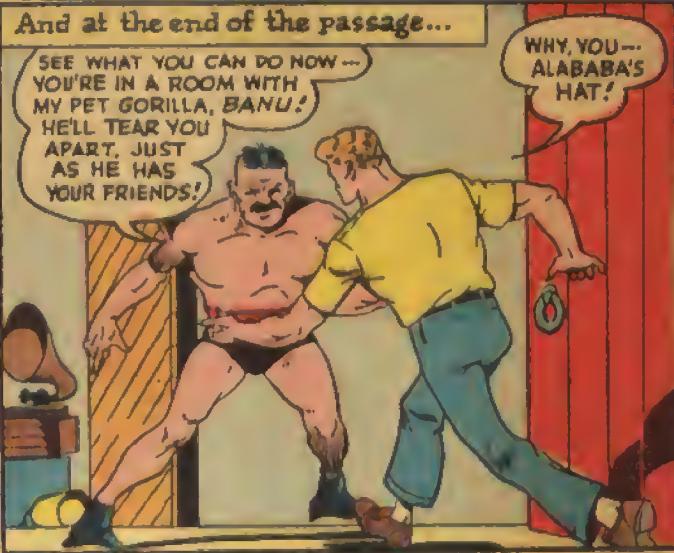
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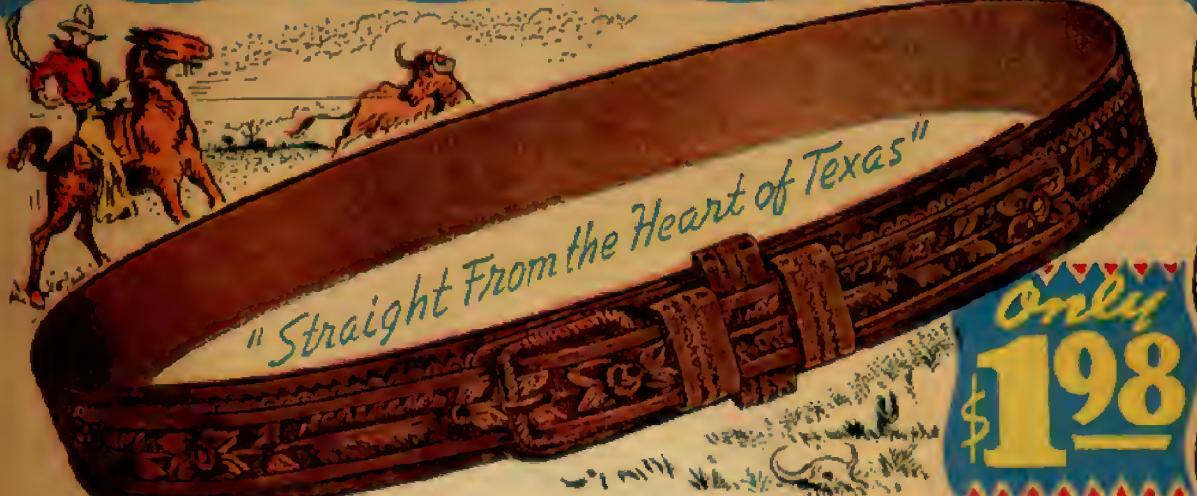
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FEATURE COMICS



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\$198

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When you see this Texas Beauty Belt and examine its many outstanding features, you'll wonder how we could possibly offer it to you in these times for the sensational low price of only \$1.98. There's no doubt about it—here's a marvelous value. Order your belt today and see for yourself. There's no risk. If you're not pleased and delighted in every way, you can return it in 10 days for full refund. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon below and pay postman on arrival. Be sure to state your belt size from 38 to 46.

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BUY BOTH AND SAVE

Order the Belt and Billfold together at a special price of only \$4.98 plus the Federal Tax on the Billfold. Makes an ideal gift.



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This is my belt size: _____

Send me the Saddle Leather Zipper Billfold at \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax (total \$3.58).

Send me the Belt and the Billfold as a set at special price of \$4.98 plus 20% Tax on the Billfold (total \$5.98).

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

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Girls

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RYDER
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DAISY'S swell
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shooting 1000 shot Air Rifle. Sell
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A really
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tain Pen and matching
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GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

BOYS! GIRLS! Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. Most prizes shown above and many others in our BIG PRIZE SHEET are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE SHEET.

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Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want.

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AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. C-15, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.,

Dept. C-15 Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet
and one order of 40 Xmas Packs

I will resell them at 10¢ each, send you
the money, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address _____
or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____